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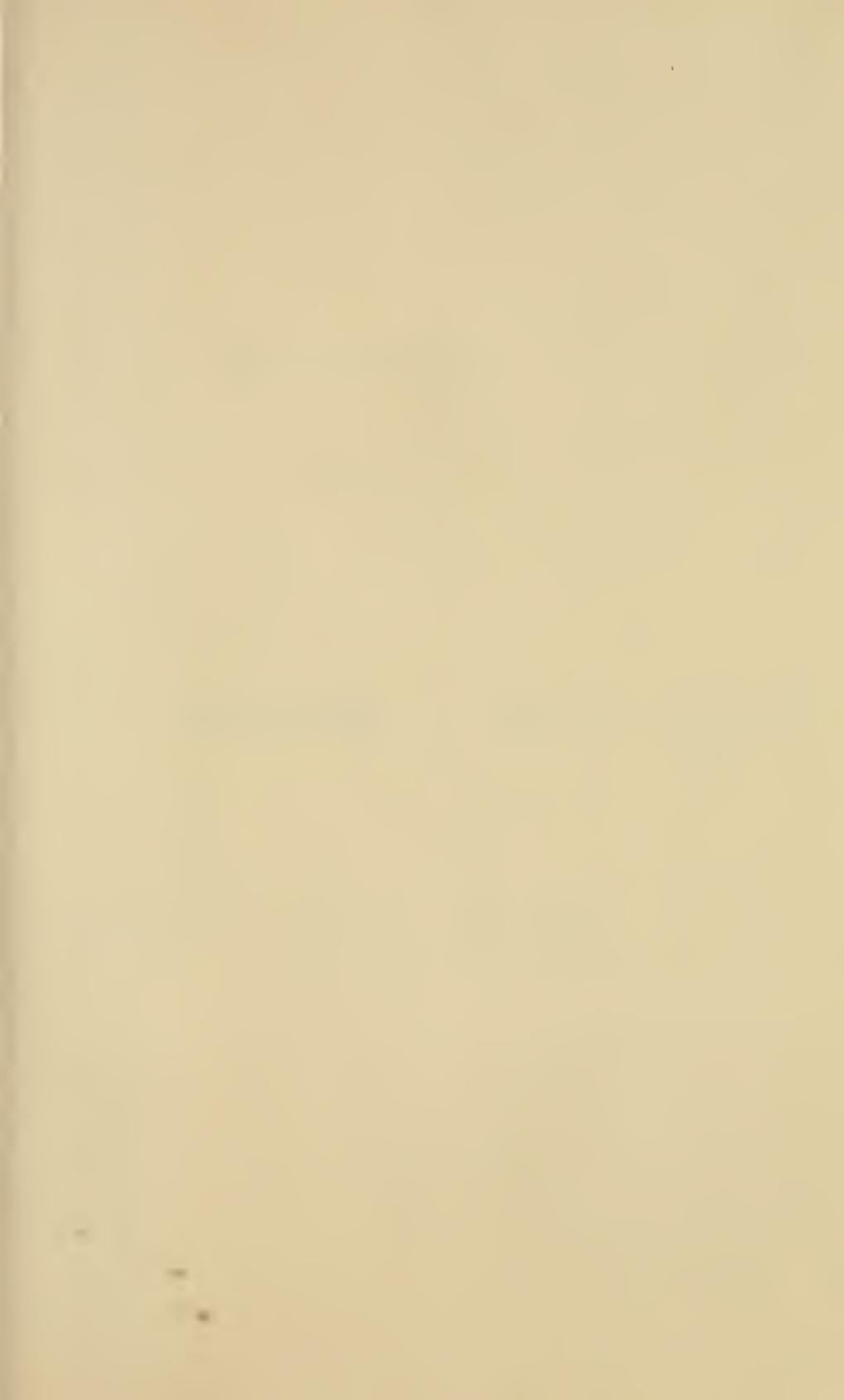
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SONGS AND SATIRES

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SONGS AND SATIRES



"The Auld Hame"

SONGS *and* SATIRES

A CHRONOLOGY OF YOUTHFUL
Rhymes and Verse

BY
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ECONOMIC PAPERS ON KENTUCKY GEOLOGY



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FRANKFORT, Ky.

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To
MY BROTHERS
EDWARD AND FREDERICK
WHO WERE HAPLY MY PARTNERS
IN MANY OF THESE YOUTHFUL
FROLICS, ADVENTURES
AND ROMANCES
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS DEDICATED

BY THE BYE

When as a boy I first began to rhyme,
It never then occurred to me
That there would come in later years a time
When I would print that wretched poetry.
I scribbled couplets then in boyish play
The idle pranks of schoolmates to rehearse,
Though older folks, their patience tried, would say,
"Your breeches are much shorter than your verse."
It was in vain they spoke to me of style,
My literary sins I could not see,
Those jingles drove dull care away awhile,
I asked what other good could poets be.
Years slipped away, I wandered fancy free
O'er land and sea far from the sheltered nook,
Leaving a trail of printed verse to be
Gathered, unchanged, to make this little book.
For in their orbits through eternal space
The stars had fortunately sealed my fate,
As stoneman I was hurled into my place,
And left my poor rhymes on the garden gate.
O'er hill and vale where derricks raise the head,
Through mine and shaft by flaring candle light,
I now plod on my way in quest of bread

*To fill three hungry little mouths at night.
When supper's done, and close they gather round
The big wood fire in their childish glee,
What care I if their mother finds me bound
Captive, with little brigands on each knee.
Their honest pratt'lings and their big blue eyes
Are royal bond, I kiss their little heads
Finding the sandman caught them by surprise,
Then tuck them in their little trundle beds.
Again the cheery blaze I seek and find
Their mother, she who comes before each one,
Mending a little dress—the baby kind
That brings up tales of all the things they've done;
And sometimes as the wintry tempest 'round
Sweeps up the fire-figures in a dance
She tells me tales of days when first she found
Her happiness, and I my real romance.
Thus runs the story, and I am content,
Rhymster I am no more, yet for the while
I hope those not of literary bent
May find these pages worth a laugh and smile.*

Frankfort, Ky., 1920.

THE AUTHOR.

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SONGS AND SATIRES

MAY WOODS

On a sunny wooded hillside
By a moss rose old and dead,

In the springtime once a flower sprang to view,
And the Heavens dropped their color
Down on its tiny head,

That the forest-folk might know that it was true.

But there came a lusty warbler
To the moss rose old and dead,

And he sang most sadly, sweetly of his lot,
Till the flower mutely, surely
His inmost thoughts had read,

And as he flew away—"Forget-me-not."

Onondaga Hill—1905.

WHIPPOORWILL

The purple shades of night are gently falling,

All nature seems quieted and still,
But one small voice in yonder woodlawn calling,
'Tis the note of a lonely whippoorwill.
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill."

Faster and deeper the shadows black are growing,

Dark outlined 'gainst the sky stands the mill,
The little stream seems sleepy in its flowing,
Faintly I hear the echo, "Whippoorwill."
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill, whippoorwill."

Onondaga Hill—1906.

STREET GAMIN

Three little dirty ragamuffins
Scampering on together,
With never a thought in their childish minds
 Of rain or storm or weather,
With never a thought of home or friends
 Or any kindred relation,
Afloat on a sea that never ends—
 The gallantry of the nation.

Three little daring buccaneers
Pirating on together,
The ash can many a fortune holds,
 A shoe, or a cap with a feather,
A musty crust or a rind of cheese
 Prized from this conglomeration
Offers a kingdom's wealth in fees
 To the freebooters of the nation.

Three little wandering errant knights
Trooping on together,
A' swearing by their lady loves,
 Or by their spurs and leather;
A noisy, cheerful, merry band,
 Sharing a strange elation,
Recking neither law nor land,
 The gallantry of the nation.

Syracuse—1907.

BRITTONS WOODS

I know a cool, sequestered glen
That deep in the hills doth lie;
Its guardians are the squirrel and wren,
And the sentinel crow that wings on by.

A tiny brook winds down along
Its shallow, stony way;
It sings the sweetest woodland song
At the closing of the day.

There May flowers in profusion grow,
And lilies by the stream;
'Tis there the softest breezes blow,
'Tis there I love to dream.

Each clifted rock and giant tree,
Each crystal pool and bar of sand
Bring back in mellow memory
Lost scenes of childhood's fairy land.

Onondaga Hill—1908.

THE OLD MEDICINE CHEST.

My mother's old rickety medicine chest
Stood just inside the door
Of the sitting room, on three creaky legs
Knee high above the floor.
With some sky blue plush hung about it for best
I'll bet nobody ever guessed
'Twas just an old relic medicine chest.

Wherever it came from I never made out—
'Twas such a peculiar old thing,
All studded and inlaid and locked up with brass
Just like the strong box of a king.
With its round little rivets all shiny and dressed;
I'll bet nobody ever guessed
'Twas just our family's medicine chest.

It was kept there on purpose for us three boys—
Young Jim and Tom and I—
Mother said we were always skinnin' our shins
Or gettin' a black eye.
“For bumps and bruises the arnica's best.”
I'll bet nobody ever guessed
Of the hundreds of cures in that medicine chest.

In the dusk of the garret we laid a bold plan,
Then painted our faces with soot,
For a robber is always a bad looking man
With a gun and sword to his boot.
A pin in the lock proved to be quite the test
We thought nobody would have guessed
Who opened mother's old medicine chest.

Like burglars we raised up the cover a bit,
When everyone else was out,
And kneeling close gazed down in
Then felt in 'round about.
Alas! We were with misfortune blest
For mother came in and quickly guessed
That we had opened her medicine chest.

Then out came the rhubarb and thick castor oil,
For mother could doctor some, too,
And three little brigands were placed in disgrace;
The thought makes me shiver anew.
That rued combination put an end to the quest,
I'll bet nobody need to have guessed
We tampered no more with that medicine chest.

Onondaga Hill—1909.

“SHEP”

My good old friend, that old black dog,
Has gone off o'er the hill;
Beside some mossy woodland log
He's lying cold and still.
For him no sorrowing bells were tolled,
No drapes of crepe were hung;
But the south wind came and the dry leaves rolled,
And I heard his requiem sung.

My boyhood's happiest hours were passed
With him in wood and glen;
For us were fifty shadows cast,
For us sweet sang the wren.
The squirrel high in his leafy tower
His threats and protests made
Until the great sun sinking lower
Left wood and field in shade.

Poor, dear old "Shep," my good old friend;
From the land where the chipmunk plays
The god of dogs to you shall send
Sweet dreams of olden days.
For you no funeral bells were tolled,
No drapes of crepe were hung,
But o'er my heart a sadness rolled
When I heard your requiem sung.

Onondaga Hill—1910.

TIT FOR TAT

I sent her back her photographs,
Her pictures and her books;
Now that he knows, how Jimmy laughs,
Puts on such funny looks;
First dons a smile, then grins awhile,
Then says such dry, droll things,
"You're lucky, Bill," he's saying still,
"They can't come back on wings."

Now have I been an easy mark,
A point for girlish jabs?
I couldn't keep them in the dark,
Those candies, shows, and cabs.
How oft I fell, Jim knew full well,
He pictured horrors black,
A letter came, she said the same:
"Please take your photos back."

Syracuse—1910.

THE DREAMER

Just a dreamer of idle old dreams am I,
Of things that can never come true,
Of the strangest and weirdest impossible things;
My thoughts are the thoughts of the night winds that
 clings
'Round the uppermost branch of the forest and
 sings
 A soft sad melody.

Just a weaver of shadowy legends am I,
Out of old-time forgotten romance,
Of a golden haired maid and a chivalrous knight;
My story's a tale of a glorious fight
Fought for honor alone, with sharp steel gleaming
 bright
 Into eternity.

Just a builder of filmy castles am I,
Of an ancient and splendid design,
With high-crested towers and gray-bearded walls;
My forts are the crypts of a thousand black palls,
For the guard lies there slain and the murdered
king calls

Ghost-like and silently.

Syracuse—1910.

OLD LETTERS.

The letters that you've sent to me
I prize more dear than hoards of gold;
They are a priceless treasury,
The sesame of days of old.

They breathe a fragrance of the past,
Of things you used to do and say;
Sweet memory links with them are cast
Into a chain of yesterday.

I like to read them o'er and o'er,
Each yellowed page so old yet new;
I like to think you're here once more
And do the things you used to do.

I like to dream again those dreams
And listen as you talk to me;
Oh, do not say "Farewell," it seems
The echo of eternity.

Syracuse—1910.

CHIMES OF CROUSE

Old Chimes of Crouse, how sweet and clear
Your silvery notes are swelling, swelling;
Through all the valley far and near
O'er woodland brown and meadow sear
Good tidings each is telling, telling.
How glad to greet the reddening sun
Your joyous bells are ringing, ringing;
How pliant when the day is done
I hear them softly singing, singing.
Their mystic spirits singing, singing.

Old Chimes of Crouse, how faint and sweet
Your echoes still are coming, coming
Out of the years, my heart to greet,
Oh! Listen, Syracuse replete
In melody your humming, humming.
Dark shadows round your tower cast,
And all your notes seem sighing, sighing;
The night wind whispers and is past
Your echoes faint are dying, dying.
Last lingering tones are dying, dying.

Syracuse—1910.

FORTUNE TELLERS

“Give me your hand,” she slyly said;
The sparks from the hearth danced brightly;
“Oh, many a man has his fortune read,
Now this is your life, and this your head,”
Then the storm grew dim, for her cheeks were red;
June roses I thought, and rightly.

“Now this line’s for love, true love, I see,
And here’s just a slight illusion—”
She stopped and looked up so prettily,
Her deep brown eyes filled with mystery;
“Is that to be all of my history?”
I stammered in confusion.

“Would you have more—?” She looked away,
And then my wits went flying;
I can’t remember to this day
Whether I turned palmist in truth or play,
But she gave me her hand with a wholesome, “Nay,”
And suggested I keep on—trying.

Syracuse—1911.

SHADOW SHIPS

Shadow ships at anchor lay,
'Tis the breaking of the day,
And o'er the blue Venetian bay
Comes the light of morning.
From the east and up the skies
Golden mists unwafeted rise,
And from each gilded mast head flies
Bright colors each adorning.

A hundred sails far out at sea
Silhouetted stand and call to me,
As from a land of mystery
They come in silent glory.
Oh, break! my soul this blue-gray shore,
Unfettered float for evermore
Out midst yon rosy sails and o'er
The sea and learn its story.

Syracuse—1911.

FAREWELL!

To one sweet, truly generous heart,
That can forgive, forget, and yet remain
Unchanged, I cannot say, "Goodbye," though we do
part,
But, just "Farewell" till we shall meet again.

Syracuse—1911.

ORANGE DRINKING CUP

I.

Come, jolly lads, come gather 'round,
Let's give a rousing cheer;
Make every echo far resound
For Alma Mater dear,
Sing once again, "Bill Orange,"
Sing the old, "Gridiron Song,"
The morning's light
Will soon be bright
Upon our merry throng.

Chorus

Then raise each cup, high up, my boys,
A toast "To care a truce."
Drink deep to-night to college joys,
Pledge dear old Syracuse.

II.

Come, jolly lads, our college days
Are fleeting, nearly spent;
Sing once again those old time lays
In gleeful merriment.

Red is the wine we're drinking;
Red blood burns in each heart;
With voices strong
We'll sing a song
Of Orange ere we part.

Chorus

Then raise each cup, high up, my boys,
A toast "To care a truce."
Drink deep to-night to college joys,
Pledge dear old Syracuse.

Binghampton—1911.

THE DINKEY-BIRD

"The Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree."—Field.

Oh! See the Dinkey-Bird up there,
He's swinging, swinging, swinging;
I hear his voice through the rainbow air,
He's singing, singing, singing;
And as he swings back, to and fro
The green boughs bend and the boy swings low
All pinky-white in the golden glow,
Just a Dinkey-Bird.

What thinks my Dinkey-Bird so free?
He's dreaming, dreaming, dreaming;
Alone in a land of mystery,
All's gleaming, gleaming, gleaming.
His heart is light and his song is gay,
Through his wind blown curls the sunbeams play,
And he sits and swings the livelong day—
Pretty Dinkey-Bird.

Swing on my Dinkey-Bird, swing high,
Your little soul is yearning;
The fire-cloud against the sky
Is burning, burning, burning.
Out of the blue your castles rise
All bathed in bright celestial dyes—
Swing on—in happy Paradise—
Little Dinkey-Bird.

Syracuse—1911.

HANS KEPPENGER.

On a quaint side street of a dear old town,
Where the carts go rumbling up and down,
And the housewives wear a wrinkled frown
Like a sneeze;
There lived not many years ago
A funny old man with hair of snow,
A funny old fellow he was, I trow—
At his knees.

Oh, it seems I can hear the children shout,
“Here’s bowlegged Hans. Look out! Look out!”
Then hibbelty, hobbelty, down the lane
Comes old Hans Keppenger, basket and cane.

Of foreign extraction he was, I think,
For his nose resembled a sausage link,
All seasoned with schnapps to a ruddy pink,
And he knew

How to barber his whiskers close to his chin
So it seemed as though he'd been looking in
The top of a dusty old flour bin—

But too true.

And it seems I can still hear those children shout,
As they stop in their play, and look about,
"There hibbelty, hobbeltiy, down the lane,
Comes old Hans Keppenger, basket and cane."

A felt hat he wore that sat down on his ears,
A blue Holland coat that he'd treasured for years,
And his 'kerchief had dried up a thousand tears

Long ago:

His trousers were faded through seasons of wear,
Cross checkered with many a patch and a tear,
And his round little stomach had pretty rough fare

When he'd blow.

Oh, it seems I can hear those children shout
As he frights them at play, and they scurry about,
For hibbelty, hobbeltiy, down the lane
Comes old Hans Keppenger, basket and cane.

But the oddest thing 'bout old Hans-John,
And the neighbors joked of it pro and con,
Were the bow-legged boots which he always pulled on
To his knees.

Though years have passed, he still hobbles along,
Now scolding as though the whole world were wrong,
Now humming the tune of an old-time song,

Hard to please.

And I know I can hear those children shout,
“Here’s bowlegged Hans. Look out! Look out!”
Then hibbelty, hobbeltiy, down through the rain,
Comes old Hans Keppenger, basket and cane.

Syracuse—1911.

SPANISH CASTLES

A hundred thousand castles have I there
In sunny Spain,
With massive walls and towers fair,
And colors flung out in the air
Without a stain.

Sweet breezes from the southland blow—
The mountain trees
Sigh softly and far down below
The gulls go sailing to and fro
Out on the seas.

There I am king of all that I survey;
My lands extend
Beyond each misty, tinted peak away
Into the shadowy realm where night and day
Forever blend.

How strange that I should be this king of kings,
In dreamy reign!
Building my castles, pondering over things,
While youth flits by on noiseless wings
In sunny Spain.

Syracuse—1911.

EVENING SONG

The toilsome day is over—
Across the evening sky
The darkening shadows are weaving
The cloak of night on high;
And with the dusk the murmurs
Of countless drowsy things
Are hushed to sleep by the whispery song
That the wandering night wind sings.

Blow, summer breezes, softly blow,
Beneath the starlit sky,
Across the waters come and go,
Out of the night blow, softly blow,
Bring back a voice I used to know
In olden days gone by.

Thus when life's day is closing,
All tranquil and serene,
May the night coming down with the twilight
Find the year's broad valley green.

Then fresh from the hills of memory
May the gentlest breezes blow
And bring with the scent of the woodland
Sweet dreams of long ago.

Blow, summer breezes, softly blow,
Beneath the starlit sky,
Across dark waters come and go,
Out of the past, blow, softly blow,
Bring back those dreams in tinted glow
Of olden days gone by.

Syracuse—1912.

TO HELEN.

Sweet Helen, when the night wind sighs,
At my window lightly,
And in the starry summer skies
Thy pretty moon shines brightly,
When drowsy birds have gone to rest—
Then, sweetheart dear, I love thee best.

What says the southwind to the trees,
So whispery and sadly?
Come, tell me now thou brigand breeze,
I'll pay thy ransom gladly,
What heardst thou in the southland there,
As thou passed by, of Helen fair?

Wears on the night. The crystal moon
In bright nocturnal glory
Floats high—a dream voice seems to croon
An old, old-fashioned story,
Faintly I hear that sweet voice call,
“Dear heart, I love thee best of all.”

Bridgeport—1912.

A FIRESIDE REVERIE

The storm king rages fierce without
'Round each unfastened shutter,
He blows a breath both cold and stout,
With whistling sigh and angry shout
Goes racing down the gutter.

He sweeps with hollow, mocking cry
Each cornice peak and gable;
His hoary beard goes whisking by
The frosted window, and his eye
Gleams icy cold as sable.

Blow on, old storm king, rage at will,
What care I for your furor?
The fire in the grate burns still,
The back log is a blazing mill
Of scampering sparks and splendor.

In silhouette the andirons stand
Like guardsmen grim and loyal;
The golden flame's a fairy land
Where brilliant figures in a band
Troop through a palace royal.

Syracuse—1912.

OVER THE HILLS

When we go riding, Kate and I,
Then all the world is rosy;
Across the blue October sky
The silky clouds go sailing by,
And on Kate's cheeks bright blushes lie
That mock each autumn posy.

When we go riding, Kate and I,
Kate leads the way, I follow.
She knows the path that most pass by
Down 'cross the brook, then up on high
To where the tall dark pine trees sigh
From each dark, covered hollow.

There at the closing of the day,
Kate stops full half designing,
And climbs the fence, like sunny May
She sits, and hums a roundelay,
While I just stand and gaze away—
And know the sun is shining.

Syracuse—1912.

THE MAKING OF THE GOWN

Though the sky is bright and cherry,
And the 'wakening day bids merry,
Though the clover scented air
Calls to May fields fresh and fair,
Susan's up, her shuttle's going,
Clic-clic-clic ; she's sewing, sewing.

Gleams the sun high in the heaven,
Creeps the minute hand toward 'leven,
Now the postman comes along
By the window with a song ;
Still is Susan busy sewing,
Stitch, stitch, stitch ; she's sewing, sewing.

Quiet shadows deep are falling,
And a robin's sweetly calling
From the peach tree pink and white,
"Chic-chic-cherry, night-good-night,"
South wind sets the candle blowing,
Susan keeps on with her sewing.

Here a ribbon, there a basting,
Tucks and pleatings, nothing wasting ;
'Long the casement 'neath the walk
Are the crickets all a-talk.
Bright cheeks, brighter, tired growing,
Fain would Sue put by her sewing.

Faster fly her nimble fingers,
'Round her lips a faint smile lingers,
And her brown hair, wind-blown down
Curls about the new-made gown.

Does she know, her face all glowing,
There's a heart stitched in her sewing?

Syracuse—1912.

OCTOBER

The first red leaves of autumn have appeared.
They hang in streamers from the maple bough,
And all the elm's summer green is seared—
The great trees know 'twill soon be winter now.

The bird folk all have left their summer haunts,
And down the forest path no more the jay
Displays his showy plumage, flings his taunts,
But silence reigns supreme throughout the day.

The pretty tender flowers have gone to sleep,
Snug in their beds they lie beneath the trees,
But on the open hillside bare and steep
The golden rod still bends beneath the breeze.

Down through the hazy air there falls a hush.
A few bright days and then against the pane
The tinted leaves descend in whirling rush,
And in the night time comes the chilling rain.

Skaneateles—1912.

SONG.

There's a maiden sweet and fair,
Katheleen,
Who hath witchery and to spare,
Katheleen;
With her roguish little smiles
And her gay, coquettish wiles—
Every move my heart beguiles,
Katheleen.

There's a language in her eyes,
Katheleen;
They're as soft as summer skies,
Katheleen;
And beneath her hazel hair
Are the roses God put there,
And the lips—but none may dare—
Katheleen.

She's my dream girl as of old,
Katheleen;
When the sad night winds blow cold,
Katheleen;
Oft' she steals up silently
In my dreamy reverie,
Sits, and talks, and croons to me,
Katheleen.

Syracuse—1912.

MARY MARIE

Now Mary Marie and I you see,
Had met at the Wilkes's ball;
And Mary Marie was twenty-three,
As winsome and wise as a maid might be,
But the coy little thing never told me you see
That she was engaged at all. Ha, ha!

Too bad she's engaged at all.

With Mary Marie I quite agree,
'Tis stupid to dance at a ball;
And Mary Marie at half past three
Was out for a lark in gay company.
'Twas a jolly old crowd, just the moon and me—
Lot she cared for the moon at all. Ha, ha!

Not a bit for the moon at all.

Now, Mary Marie, blush prettily,
There's gossip agog in the hall;
And twixt we three, let the secret be,
For cherry red lips tease at seventy,
Small matter if they be engaged or free—
On the night of a fancy ball. Ha, ha!

On the night of the Wilkes's ball.

Cortland—1913.

SONG OF THE BOB-O-LINK.

Sue and I were gathering lilies,
White and yellow water lilies,
Where the rushes gleam and glisten

In the drowsy summer sun,
And old Bob-o-link was singing
As the breezes set him swinging,
“Cherup, cherup,” he was singing,
“Come and take them every one.”

Bob’s a bright and sprightly fellow
In his coat of black and yellow,
But the willow shadows hide him,

He’s forgotten in the sun,
Susan’s big blue eyes are gleaming
And her cheery smile is beaming—
Flash of gold—and Bob is screaming,
“Come and take them every one.”

So it happened—Sue bent near me,
And old Bob made not to hear me,
Just kept swinging sort o’ careless like

And singing in the sun,
P’rhaps beneath those very branches
He’s seen other blushing glances,
And he knows his song entrances,
For they take them—every one.

Tully—1913.

COIN OF A KIND.

"Come, pretty maid," he slyly said,

"Don't pout but tell me this:

Do you aver, that all men were

Just made for you to kiss?"

Her dark eyes fell, he guessed right well

What her reply might be—

"In part I do, and yet a few

Were made for kissing me."

Syracuse—1913.

THE AULD HAME

There's a thought in m' heart when th' lang day is
o'er,

An' the red rosy shadows clim' lang up the sky,
O' me father's old hame, an' the bees an' the clo'er,
An' a' the guid things that I luved as a boy.

There's a thought o' the winter, its cauld an' its
dribble,

An' ag'in o' the sweet singin' springtime s' bright,
I'm feelin' m' feet on the simmer's hard stibble,
An' hearin' the fiddlin' th' October night.

There's a thought o' the meadow, the stream running
through it,

Wi' the kine doon knee deep where the wee fishies
play,

An' beyon' the great wood on the hill high aboo' it,
Oh! th' times we had then through a' the lang day!

There's a thought o' the sma' whiten house an' the
mither

Toilin' aye for her bairnies, her locks like the snaw,
Syne lang she's gane now frae this warl' to anither,
Where the heart's achin' tribble is washit awa'.

S' come now the night, when the lang day is o'er,

An' life's purplin' shadows clim' lang up the sky,
There's a thought o' the old hame ye wearyin' ro'er,
Where the guid, kind auld mither croons o'er the
sma' boy.

Onondaga Hill—1913.

WINGS OF THE NIGHT.

Musing, I sit alone
After the day is done,
 In sad contemplation;
Thoughts of the days that were
Rush through my mind and stir
 No exultation.

Akin to the weary night,
Streaked with its ghastly light,
 Sodden with sorrow;
Cringing ere break of day,
Despair comes and breathes away
 All hope for the morrow.

Tempts now the murky dark,
Smolders that awful spark
Of execration.

Wings of the night none see,
“Bear thou thy cross with me,
I’m thy salvation.”

New York City—1914.

DELANCY STREET.

Ten thousand wretched roof-tops near and far,
All done in brick and stone and mortar gray;
While here and there, like some colossal scar,
Dark shadowed ’gainst a sky of murky black,
Stands out some giant bridge or outpost stack,
All ’round about, the wretched, squalid quay,
And stifling fetid breath of modern day.

A million cheated souls in worse than chains,
In blind delusion struggling down a road,
Upon their aching backs the one that reigns
Rides on unconscious of their gasping breath,
Their prayers, their curses, or their silent death.
The sky is blue for him who wisely sowed—
But, oh, ’tis black for them who bear the load!

New York City—1914.

BERMUDA.

Goodnight, my love, goodnight, goodnight!
The fading moon, her lantern high
Goes threading softly down the sky
With nodding opalescent light.

How fair she treads the silvered sea
Down through your palms where coral bars
And lilyed isles embrace the stars
With magic and with mystery.

At last she lights the phantom ships
That stand at anchor down the bay
With outstretched ghostly arms of gray,
Then calls the watch with silent lips.

And now the moon is lost to sight,
Past violet waters and the brake
Some bird is singing for your sake,
Goodnight, my love, goodnight, goodnight.

Bermuda Islands—1914.

THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

Made in His image, there he stands;
Poor little vagabond, for all he knows
The Devil owns him head and hands,
And he goes the way the Devil goes;
In blackened shirt and grimy pants—
God knows he never had a chance.

A boy, you say? He's 'most a man,
All hunched up, sick and old;
He eats and sleeps where'er he can,
Nor grumbles when it's wet and cold,
In filthy shirt and ragged pants—
God knows he hasn't half a chance.

Kicked out, he has? It's for the best.
A vagabond's no earthly good;
You talked of uplift plans nor guessed
He died for want of clothes and food.
Shrouded in reeking shirt and pants—
God has him. Now he has a chance.

Hoboken—1914.

“APPLE MARY.”

“Apples, apples! Please buy apples”—

’Twas many years ago,
And no one here remembers now

In Broadway or Park Row,
For everything has changed about
And nothing’s quite the same;
New York was just a little town
When Apple Mary came.

“Apples, apples! Please buy apples!”

Oh, the sunshine in the song;
All up and down the wharf they knew
When Mary passed along,
Swingin’ her basket on her arm
So modest like and shy,
’Twas, “Laddies, get your pennies out,
Apple Mary’s passin’ by.”

“Apples, apples! Please buy apples!”

North River, Bowling Green;
But when the ships came into dock,
’Twas there she would be seen.
“She’s lookin’ for her Sailor Jack,”
They said when eight bells rang,
And when ’twas frosty ’long the wharf—
Then Apple Mary sang.

“Apples, apples! Please buy apples!”
And then passed many a day;
Still Jack’s good ship was out at sea,
And Mary’s locks were gray;
So poor, so old; can it be true,
Through streets which had no end—
Where millions passed would no one be
Poor Apple Mary’s friend?

“Apples, apples! Buy my apples!”
No more we hear the cry;
A dear old face has vanished;
We miss a mild blue eye.
No more about the dangerous streets
Her faltering footsteps roam,
For a voice down through the skies has called—
Poor Apple Mary home.

New York City—1914.

EPIGRAMMATIC

Dottie-Dimple-Dorothy,
Not like other girls was she.

Hair of burnished gold and eyes
Like the fairest summer skies.

Cheeks that mocked the new-plucked rose
Voice as when the south wind blows.

“Freshman Co-Ed,” rumor ran;
Then a merry race began.

College men were quite surprised;
Dorothy was idolized.

Senior, junior, sophomore;
Dances, theatres, galore.

Mixers, rushes, college fair;
The popular maid was always there.

While the ghostly "Flunker's Con."
Watched the social whirl go on.

Dick was but a passing craze,
John soon numbered all his days.

Harry made himself a pal
With a splutt'ring National.

Then each big sorority
Sent a bid to Dorothy.

Homely college sisters said,
"Wait, 'twill surely turn her head."

College Profs allowed they knew—
Maids could break a heart or two.

And for such as stole the tarts,
There's no harm in breaking hearts.

Now the moral can you see?
Dottie-Dimple-Dorothy.

Seattle—1915.

SONG OF THE LOST SONS

Ours was the sorrow great,
Born to a cruel Fate—
Anguish upon her,
Homes that our fathers wrought—
For which they toiled and fought—
Lost in dishonor.

Played we the losing fight,
Flamed with the will of right,
When death was spoken
Hands were in silence prest,
Turned we into the West
Spirits unbroken.

Say not we had to flee
Far over land and sea,
Deep into hiding;
But that we heard the call
Answered it one and all—
Time we were biding.

Sons of a goodly race,
Who says we lost our place?
Say we have found it.
In a new world and wide,
Here is no shame to hide,
Nor sorrow to drown it.

Mountain and valley free,
Lakeland and flashing sea,
On and forever;
Here the unconquered ones,
Here the forgotten sons,
Naught now can sever.

Bound here by common ties
Labor and sacrifice,
Shoulder to shoulder;
Shall we a new land make
That shall grow up and take
Place by the older.

This then the gift shall be
To you and posterity,
Come now and claim it;
Hear 'neath blue sunlit skies
Shall a *New Freedom* rise—
Come you and name it!

Forget then the weary years,
Forget all the toil and tears
We spent till we won her;
Remember the cruel fate—
Ours was the sorrow great—
Name us with honor!

Seattle—1915.

CAPE FLATTERY

Gray dawn and graying sea—
Salt mists blown to beckon me,
Sea birds crying out of sight
Where the morning meets the night.

Mystery waves of white and green
Sing of all the things they've seen;
Out beyond the windswept white
Oriental stars shine bright,
Paper lanterns swing and glow
In cherry-blossom Tokyo,
Far down Honolulu bay
Ukeleles softly play.

Harbor winds bring up the noise,
Anchor chains and rattling buoys,
Giant ships and steaming quay
Poppy-scented Port-Bombay;
And from desert shores afar,
Land of Crescent and the Star,
Comes a chanted melody—
Caravans of Araby.

Sea birds wandering out of sight,
Memories of my thousandth night;
Love, adventure, mystery,
Past the dawn and graying sea.

Port Discovery—1915.

IN EXPLANATION

Explanations is hard to make,
An' specially when a feller's shy,
But folks is talkin' 'bout it so
I'm just a 'goin' to try
To s'plain the hull darned thing,
An' get it clear again,
So you'll know just the reason why—
I didn't marry Jane.

You know—
Secrets and things is hard to tell
About a feller's steady girl.
Folks said Jane wasn't so much on looks,
But she seemed like a pearl
To me. She never said
A word against the grain.
But maw said they was reasons why—
I couldn't marry Jane.

You know—
Mothers is sometimes hard on boys,
An' often blights their love and things.
Maw said Jane didn't have no style,
Nor no estates, nor rings;
She said she weighed two hundred pounds,
She caused me such a lot of pain.
An' then paw tol' his reasons why—
I couldn't marry Jane.

You know—

Perhaps you've had a paw yourself
Who always acted like a bear, and swore
He'd cut you off without a cent.
Well, I tol' Jane, an' she got sore
At me, an' screamed an' cried
I was a brute, an' 'fore I could explain
She'd up an' died; an' that's just why
I never married Jane.

Seattle—1915.

LENT

Oh, I know it's bein' done,
An' they say it's lots of fun,
But I'm a little curious,
An' I hope you won't resent,
For I'd really like to know
Why people have to go
A' hungry till their furious—
A' just because it's lent.

'Oh! It's Lent, Lent, Lent!
Here's a life that's been misspent,
But we'll starve it into virtue
With our much respected Lent.

Oh, it lasts but forty days,
Time enough for any craze,
Self imposed without a reason
An' no harm is really meant.
But these disheartened looks,
Plainly show we're sick of books,
An' cigars are out of season
A' just because it's Lent.

Oh! It's Lent, Lent, Lent!
Here's good fellows discontent,
But we'll smoke 'em into favor
When we're finished with our Lent.

Oh, if we were made of wood
I suppose 'twould do some good,
But goodness now don't answer
For the jolly days we've spent.
An' for all you laugh and smile,
Who would have a silly style
Make a monkey of a man, sir—
A' just because it's Lent.

Oh! It's Lent, Lent, Lent!
Where's the man that started Lent?
Oh, I fancy 'twill be jolly
When we're done observin' Lent.

Seattle—1915.

AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE

Oh, Bill, he's gone to a party,
And Tony and Fred are out,
And Dick, so jolly and hearty,
Is rushing the Kappas no doubt;
And I'm alone for the evening
With my books and my fire I'm free;
So I'll just drop a line, to an old friend of mine—
 To the girl who is going to be.

'Twill be an old fashioned letter
Like my grandaddy wrote long ago,
"My dear little girl," and what's better
I'll mark it with crosses just so;
For crosses you know have a meaning
That only true lovers can see,
But she'll know the sign that old friend of mine—
 The girl who is going to be.

I'll close with, "I love you truly,"
Just the same as I used to do,
And I'll turn the stamp around duly,
"For sweetheart, I'm writing to you,
Tonight my heart's in New England
In a quaint old town by the sea."
And I'm writing a line to an old friend of mine—
 The girl who is going to be.

There's the little white house and the clover,
And joy's smiling out through your tears—
Why, Bill!—Your party's not over?
I'll be —. Just a prank of the years.
Guess you saved me from popping the question,
You're a bully old pal, I decree,
And tonight we will dine to an old friend of mine—
To the girl who *was* going to be.

Seattle—1915.

MOTHER

O! mother dear, like outposts set on high,
The bright eternal stars their vigil keep,
The day is past, across the darkling sky,
The night wind drowsily sings the world to sleep.

Alone and far from home in forest wild
I lay me down to rest 'mid falling dew,
And peace came for a mother hushed her child,
And in my dreams I knew that she was you.

Thus in that last dark night which soon shall come
But let me see your face and feel you near,
And I shall know, although my lips be dumb,
That God has known and blessed you, mother dear.

Mt. Rainier National Forest—1915.

THE FAIR CO-ED

A bit of rose and pink chiffon,
In library sequestered nook,
May come to be as time goes on,
Of more importance than a book.

Half hidden from the passing crowd,
'Neath dusty shelf and winding stair,
She sits, and like a golden cloud,
The morning sunlight tints her hair.

She dips in Plato and in Hume,
In Shakespeare and in Poe;
Philosophy and tragic gloom
But serve to make her fairer grow.

She reads in Latin, likes the Greek,
Has toyed with French, you know awhile;
It's heavenly to hear her speak,
But just divine to see her smile.

The old librarian totters on,
Nor thinks behind his shelves of dust
A bit of rose and pink chiffon
Knows why it is that freshmen—bust.

Seattle—1915.

A TRYIN' TO BE HAPPY

Fact is, I've been about a bit an' seen a lot;
An' I've made, and spent my pile
Where there was pleasure to be got;
Guess I've gone a fool's own limit
Quite as frequently as not—

A' tryin' to be happy.

Gone a silly fool's own limit
Quite as frequently as not,

A' tryin' to be happy.

Each day I've set my hand to such as come along;
An' I've learned to toss my heart
Into the bargain with a song.
An' perhaps to chirp and whistle
When things is goin' wrong—

A' tryin' to be happy.

Oh, it's best to grin and whistle
When things is goin' wrong,

A' tryin' to be happy.

What's left? I've lusted down the painted ways of
light;

An' I've known the lonely trail
With its silent starry night;
Oh! I've pawned my youth to wander
Over seas with wonder bright,

A' tryin' to be happy.

Pawned and lost my youth to wander
Over seas with wonder bright,

A' tryin' to be happy.

Seattle—1915.

A VALENTINE FANTASY

A red polo coat and a uniform gray,
As it turns out once in a while, sir,
Were strolling across the campus one day,
For strolling is always in style, sir.

Said the red polo coat
In a tremulous note,
“I think it is Valentine’s day, sir.”

True, the red polo coat and the uniform gray,
Never thought ere the strolling began, sir,
Of things that may happen on Valentine’s day,
When a maid nods a smile for her answer.

So the uniform gray
Had a soldier’s own way;
“’Twas a lovely old Valentine’s day, sir.”

Now, a red polo coat and a uniform gray,
I’ll finish my tale with your leave, sir,
Go strolling together most every fine day;
There’s a heart on the uniform’s sleeve, sir;
And it beats to the note
Of a red polo coat,
For every day’s Valentine’s day, sir.

Seattle—1915.

INVOCATION

Grant me a birthright of fair open places
Where mountain and valley come down to the sea,
Through childhood to dream, search wild flowers' faces
And read from the rocks what the future shall be.

Give me a life filled with manly endeavor,
With youth at my side let me range field and flood,
Strange ports and new faces my passion forever,
Find joy in right living and everything good.

Let me lie down to rest, life's labor ended,
At peace with the thought that a service is done,
Untortured by promised rewards, undefended,
Assured all beginnings and ends are as one.

Make me a grave where the great rocks are lying
High on some pinnacled point by the sea,
'Round my lone sepulcher vagrant winds sighing
Shall mourn through the ages lost cameraderie.

San Francisco—1915.

NOVEMBER EIGHTH

Though Autumn fields of brown are spread
Between us, yet the sunset red
Shines bright for both, so health and cheer
I send to you, O Mother Dear!
You have my love, I can but pray,
God bless you this November day.

Chicago—1915.

SPIRIT O' YOUTH

Because the sleigh bells gladly ring—
I'm glad I am alive,
Because my heart chords loudly sing,
And sunshine brightens everything
For which I live, and hope, and strive—
At twenty-five.

Chicago—1915.

R. S. V. P.

Though all the world should come and say
Your eyes were hazel, green, or gray,
'Twould be a hopeless sign;
I still should call them wondrous brown
And see 'neath lashes drooping down
My pretty Valentine.

Chicago—1916.

MAY DAY

'Tis the first day of May, there's a kiss in the air,
All the world loves a May day because it's so fair;
Smell the lilacs in bloom, see the mayflowers too.
And the lilies, and violets both yellow and blue;
And down in the orchard, and up in the glen
The robins and bluebirds are nesting again.

Along by the brookside the cowslips are out.
Green grass on the hillside, and all round about
The blue vaulted sky bright with sunshine and joy
Fills the heart with a gladness that makes man a boy,
A boy with a dog and the whole day to play—
Be a youngster at fifty, 'tis the first day of May.

Chicago—1916.

REGIMENTAL MARY ANN

There's many a trooper who still minds the day,
When first came Mary Ann,
A' down the company street s'gay,
Like apple blossoms fresh in May,
An' Danney O'Toole stopped his roundelay—
At the sight o' Mary Ann.
Stopped a rollikin' Irish roundelay,
Put his jiggin's aside for another day—
At the sight o' Mary Ann.

For 'twas a, "Hey, dey, Mary!
"A hey, dey, Mary Ann!
"An' blessin's upon ye my pretty one—
"You're sweet on Corporal Dan."

An' a' through the summer's burnin' white heat,
Each day came Mary Ann,
A' peddlin' goodies and many a treat
To Captain an' Sergeant an' high Private Pete,
But 'twas plain she cared mostly young Danney to
meet,
Did handsome Mary Ann.
Ah, her brown eyes were dancin' young Danney to
meet,
Though her gingerbread soldiers—poor beggars dis-
creet—
Were a' dyin' for Mary Ann.

An' 'twas, "Hey, dey, Mary,
"A hey, dey, Mary Ann!
"If soldiers have sweethearts my pretty one—
"Beware o' Corporal Dan!"

At last came our orders; we a' said, "Goodbye,"
To sweet little Mary Ann.
"Right forward, four right," rang the ol' Sergeant's
cry
As the mornin's red sun struck the October sky,

An' each trooper in saddle was ready to die—
For dear little Mary Ann.
Each trooper was ready and willin' to die,
An' Danney O'Toole brushed a tear from his eye
For the leavin' o' Mary Ann.

An' 'twas a "Hey, dey, Mary!
"Regimental Mary Ann!
"May angels be bringin' ye pretty one
"Sweet dreams o' Corporal Dan!"

Fort Worth—1916.

CHANGING SEASONS

'Twas summer by the leafy tree,
And by the meadow soft and green,
The little brook sang merrily
Of all the summery things he'd seen;
A lark lost in the blue above
Sang so it seemed his soul must part,
But Mary only played at love,
And oh, 'twas winter in my heart.

'Tis winter by the icy bough,
The snowy fields and woods around,
The laughing brook is silent now,
And only wintry winds resound.
Yet twinkling stars o'er vale and hill,
Seem beauty gems of magic art,
For Mary—love has said, "I will,"
And oh, 'tis summer in my heart.

Chicago—1916.

A WISH

Take away the years
And the tears,
Take away the name
And the game;
Give me back the joy
Of the boy—
I used to be.

Let me for a day
Go away,
I shall find the place
And a face
Bright with mother love
From above—
Awaiting me.

Chicago—1916.

YULE-TIDE

A little red house
On a little white hill,
A breath of Christmas in the air
So beautiful and still.

Berkshire Hills—1916.

THE MAGIC LAND

Do you remember long ago
A blue eyed little lad?
He climbed a hill-top all aglow
In sunshine, saw far down below
The city of the glad.

Enraptured, long he gazed away
O'er sea and golden sand,
Till, spirit like, the hills of gray
Crept up and spoke at close of day,
"Come see the Magic Land."

With singing heart the boy pressed on,
Strong in his youthful years,
Loitered in Palace and Parthenon,
Learned from the world and sages anon,
Nor thought of his mother's tears.

But he never found the Magic Land,
Nor learned all he would know,
Until he turned from a distant strand
And found his mother's heart and hand
The same as long ago.

Chicago—1916.

MOTHER CAREY AND SAINT NICK

Little laddie at the window
Gazing toward the evening sky,
Tell me 'bout the snowflakes dropping
As they pass the window by,
As they flutter from the sky.

Do you think of Mother Carey
Far above the leafless trees?
Can you hear her faintly calling
Home her pretty chic-a-dees?
See their feathers in the breeze.

Do you think of old Kris Kringle
With his toys all in a row?
Can you hear his sleigh bells jingle
As he drives off through the snow?
Reindeers racing through the snow.

If you thought for quite a minute
'Bout the snow storm dark and thick,
Don't you think that way up in it
There's a home for old Saint Nick?
Mother Carey and Saint Nick.

Chicago—1916.

REFLECTIONS

Tonight I stroll 'long time worn walks
Beneath great oak and elm trees
And feel the soul of Old Yale talks
To me of life in prophesies.

The future leads up from the past,
Two centuries of glory bright
Bespeak new deeds while time shall last,
New men to carry "Truth and Light."

These ivied halls will pass away,
Replaced by ones not yet designed,
Where then the calls that sound today—
The songs borne on the evening wind?

Ours not to know! While duty stands—
Strike out, persist, prevail,
And Arctic snow and Tropic sands
Shall feel the thrill of men and Yale!

O! hearts that burn in after years,
And you who bring new talents bright,
Shall I return, and through my tears
Recall the man I am tonight?

New Haven—1916.

KENTUCKY.

A thousand bards have told in song
Of Old Kentucky's charms,
Portrayed her mountains ranged along—
Her wondrous Blue Grass farms.
Songs of our fair Kentucky Belle
Are sung wher e'er men roam,
And who's not heard as darkness fell,
“My Old Kentucky Home?”

But let me tell in simple rhyme
Of other things unsung;
Far back in geologic time
When still the earth was young,
Then many a mineral treasure tray
Was locked beneath our hills
Filled full of coal and oil and clay
To feed and run our mills.

Oh! land of rich maturity,
Once “dark and bloody ground,”
For thee is cast futurity
Beyond the trumpet’s sound;
New generations yet unborn
Shall come this wealth to hold,
And mineral industries we scorn
Will give a million fold.

Prestonsburg—1917.

GARGOYLES THREE

Gargoyles three to a cornice clung,
Man, and reptile, and coral hung,
Chiseled by steel with a clever art,
Things of stone with a stony heart.
Yet stones may speak as you shall see—
List to the song of the gargoyle three.

First spake the man, for men are bold,
Courtly his manner, his accent cold,
“Men call me Kublai, Mongol Kahn;
I knew the world ere this race began,
The knowledge your modern empire shows
Was born with me and Himalayan snows.”

Spake then the reptile’s deathly voice:
“Man took his knowledge not through choice;
Back in the depths of the Permian fen
There lived we saurians, mothers of men:
How slight the wisdom you boast and name
That knows not the line by which you came.”

Last of all three spake the coral spray,
Ghostlike, indistinct, far away:
“The earth was old when I was young;
I knew you both as your cradles swung;
Far off in the tropical Cambrian sea
We lived all as one, you are kin to me.”

Lexington—1918.

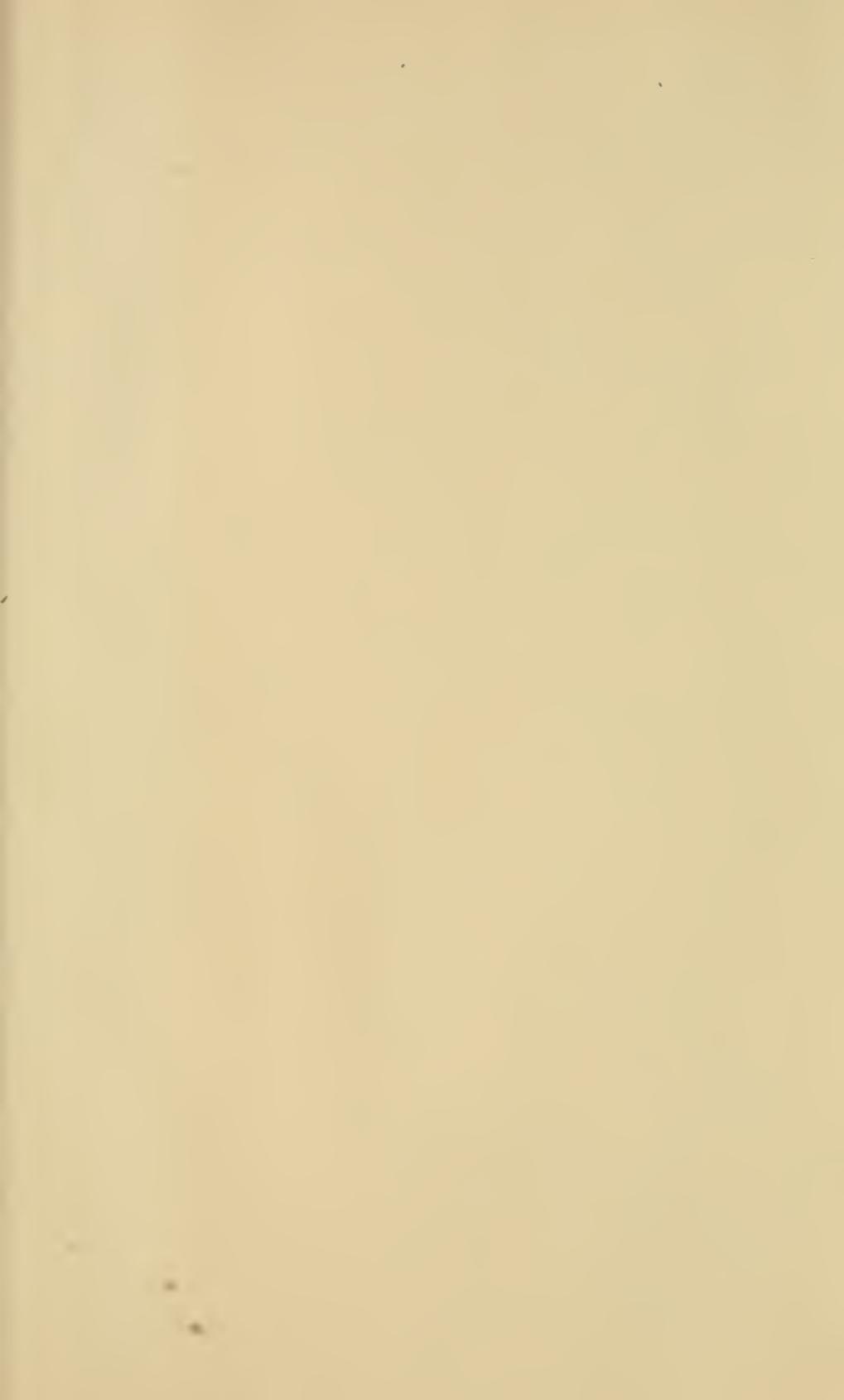
TWO LITTLE SHOES

Two little shoes on the mantel high
Worn at the heel and stubbed at the toe,
Tell me, are you as lonely as I;
Where are your thoughts as the night winds blow?

Is it the wood fire's ruddy beam
Caught in each button, a dangl'ing light,
Or are those your tears that sadly gleam
Dropped for a face that you miss tonight.

Embers and ashes, and a dawn that grays
Bringing old tasks that we may not choose,
How priceless these dreams of sweet baby days,
A God-given face, and two little shoes!

Frankfort—1920





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